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The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and forty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and has been published in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting, reliable, and timely news, and contains a large amount of local and general news, and is a valuable source of information to all who read it. It is published at the rate of \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies are sold at five cents. Extra copies are sold at the rate of ten cents. It is published at the rate of \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies are sold at five cents. Extra copies are sold at the rate of ten cents. It is published at the rate of \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies are sold at five cents. Extra copies are sold at the rate of ten cents.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROBERT WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 26, Order Sons of St. George, Wm. F. Smith, President; Fred Hall, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Mondays.

NEWPORT TANK, No. 13, Knights of Macaw, Lee, Charles B. Grandall, Record Keeper; meets 2d and 4th Mondays.

COLUMBIAN, No. 809, Foresters of America, John H. Mason, Jr., Chief Ranger; Robert Johnson, Recording Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays.

NEWPORT OAKS, No. 707, M. W. A., A. A. Page, Ven. Commodore; Charles B. Parker, Clerk; meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Robert Lander, President; David McIntosh, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

GRAND LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W., George A. Bulfinch, Master; William Workman, Terry B. Dawley, Recorder; meets second and fourth Wednesdays.

MALBONK LODGE, No. 84, N. E. O. P. M. H., Elizabeth H. Goddard, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Thursdays.

JAMES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians, meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., Dr. M. Jerome Davis, Chancellor; Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal; meets 1st and 3d Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P., 8th Knight Captain George A. Wilcox; Everett L. Gorton, Recorder; meets first Fridays.

Local Matters.

The MERCURY war articles are meeting with great favor. The articles for the three coming weeks are intensely interesting. They are "The Last Dash at Vicksburg," "The First Fight at Gettysburg," and "Lee's High Tide at Gettysburg." Forty years ago, June 25th, was the last hard fighting before Vicksburg, and forty years ago, July 1, saw the beginning of the end of the rebellion, in the only great battle on Northern soil. The story is told in the MERCURY war articles.

Commandery Inspection.

The annual inspection of Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., stationed at Newport, took place Monday evening and was conducted by Em. Sir Edwin A. Blodgett of Springfield, Mass., Grand Captain General of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templars of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. He was accompanied by Em. Sir Samuel B. Spooner and Samuel D. Sherwood of Springfield, the latter acting Grand Warden; John D. Munro of Fall River, Grand Sword Bearer; Fletcher K. Tirrell, Commander of St. Omer Commandery of Boston; Eliza H. Fisher, Commander of Sutton Commandery of New Bedford; and Daniel J. Burdick, Past Commander of Godfrey de Bouillon Commandery of Fall River.

The inspection was conducted in a very thorough manner and the Commandery, under the efficient management of Em. Sir Edward G. Hayward, Commander, received many warm words of praise from the visiting officers. After the inspection addresses were made by most of the visitors and a collation was served.

The members of Washington Commandery are taking great interest in the coming field day at Brockton, June 24. This promises to be the greatest gathering of plumed Knights ever seen in this section of New England. The Commanderies which will participate are Washington, No. 4, Newport; Old Colony, No. 15, Abington; Sutton, No. 16, New Bedford; St. Omer, No. 21, South Boston; Godfrey de Bouillon, No. 25, Fall River; Bristol, No. 29, North Attleboro; South Shore, No. 31, East Weymouth; and Bay State, No. 53, Brockton. It will be a gathering worth seeing. Washington Commandery is expected to carry at least 60 Sir Knights and a full band of music.

Plans have been drawn for the new Bee Hive to take the place of the structure that was destroyed by fire some weeks ago. The designs indicate that the new building will be very attractive as well as serviceable and will be an addition to Thames street.

The Railway Situation.

Matters along Broadway seem to remain about as they are. Work on the track of the Old Colony road has been absolutely at a standstill while awaiting the decision of the supreme court on the application for an injunction restraining the city from interfering with the laying of their switch. The company has had men and carts at work cleaning up the mess along the sides of their tracks so that now the east side of Broadway is in a fairly passable condition. The ground about the switch has not been touched but remains in the same condition that it was after the switch had been hauled to the gutter. The lion will remain in tranquillity along the side of the street while the lion remains in place in the trench, branching out into two lines where the double track was to have been put in if the police had not interfered.

The Newport & Providence Company has kept a small gang of men steadily pegging away at the construction of their tracks and now have the rails in position nearly down to the court house. The company has been constantly hampered by the failure of material to arrive when expected, the lack of the rails and paving stones seriously interfering with the rapidity of construction which it had been hoped to attain. Work at the advance end was entirely suspended one day this week, owing to the failure of ties to arrive, and the men went back and straightened up and leveled the rails already laid. As soon as the ties arrived work was resumed but was soon delayed again, owing to the lack of rails. However, considerable progress has been made since the construction was first begun, the rails being now in place from Lake's corner to the court house. It is possible that, if sufficient material is obtained, the tracks will now be laid as far as the railroad station down Long wharf.

Warren Brothers Company, who have the contract for paving Broadway and Spring street, have had quite a gang of men at work and another week will see considerable progress made in laying this pavement. The broken stone is being distributed and rolled, both on Broadway, beginning at Lake's corner, and on Spring street, beginning at Bull street. The completion of this work cannot come any too soon to please the merchants along Broadway for the street has been in a practically impassable condition for so long that they have felt the effects of it on their trade. The street department has made one improvement that has given satisfaction, as the watering of the streets to keep down the dense cloud of dust that constantly blew from the open ground was much needed.

The hearing on the application for an injunction will come up one week from today and after that it may be possible to close up a portion of the work. If the decision is favorable to the city it should not take long to get matters straightened out in that direction but in case the decision favors the railroad the complications that will ensue will result in considerable further delay and perhaps more appeals to the courts to untangle the knot. Both sides have retained able counsel and a strong fight will be put up in the court.

Memorial Sunday.

Channing Memorial Church was comfortably filled last Sunday evening when the annual memorial service of the Grand Army posts for their comrades who have died during the past year was held. The two posts marched to the church in a line headed by a file and drum. There was also a good attendance of members of the Women's Relief Corps. The ritual was conducted by the officers of the posts and the records of the deceased members were read by the adjutant, Charles E. Lawton Post has lost four members during the year—William Drew, John Shanahan, Benjamin Watson and John Harrington—and General G. K. Warren Post has lost one—William H. Gardner. The memorial sermon was delivered by Rev. A. P. Record, pastor of the church, who will be chaplain of the day on Memorial Day.

Mrs. M. E. Mason of Pawtucket gave a delightful lecture on "Colonial Music" at Trinity Guild Hall on Tuesday afternoon under the auspices of William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. The lecture was illustrated by a number of charming vocal selections by Mrs. Martin Groat of Providence. The lecture was well attended and proved very enjoyable to lovers of music.

Newport Lodge, B. P. O. Elks, gave an amateur production of Pinafore at the Opera House Thursday and Friday evenings and Saturday afternoon of this week. The attendance was good and the opera was well rendered.

John Drummond, a seaman attached to the Naval Training Station, died on Saturday last of pneumonia. He was buried on Sunday.

Memorial Day.

Today, Saturday, will be Memorial Day and the observances in this city will be appropriate to the character of the holiday. Practically all places of business will be closed for a considerable portion of the day. Some will remain closed from Friday night until Monday morning, some will close at noon, and others will be closed during the day and will open in the evening for the accommodation of the regular Saturday night trade.

The official observances will of course be under the head of the local Grand Army Posts, an appropriation for expenditure under their direction having been made by the city council. While the observances this year will not be on so large a scale as last, when the French delegates were here, a very creditable program of the day has been arranged. It was at first hoped that the apprentices at the Training Station would participate in the parade during the afternoon, but owing to the sickness that has prevailed at the station and other causes it was not deemed advisable for the boys to take part.

In the morning the members of the two posts will meet at nine o'clock and will decorate the graves of their deceased comrades. The graves at Middletown, Jamestown, Portsmouth, Fort Adams and Fort Greble will be decorated by special details from the posts.

The street parade will take place in the afternoon, the line being formed at 11:30 on West Marlboro street, right meeting on Thames street. The formation of the line will be as follows:

Commander A. L. Trowbridge of Lawton Post, Department Commander, Andrew K. McMahon, Adjutant of the Day, Aide—Past Commander John H. Mason, Past Commander Charles H. Clarke, George L. F. Edwards, and representatives of other organizations.

Newport Military Band, Newport Artillery, Company D, 1st Rhode Island Regiment, and the Grand Army, Charles E. Lawton Post, No. 5, Senior Vice Commander W. P. Smith in Command, Gen. G. K. Warren Post, No. 2, Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, Warren Post Association, B. E. Tanner, President.

Newport Naval Reserve, Lieutenant C. E. Spanish-American War Veterans, Carriage containing the order of the day, Rev. E. H. Porter, D. D., the chaplain of the United States Army and Navy, the postmaster and the collector of the port, the Mayor, Mayor Hope, members of the city Council, clergy, clergymen, members of the press.

Promptly at two o'clock the line will proceed to the Soldiers and Sailors' Monument marching through Marlboro street and West Broadway. The monument will be decorated and then the special exercises will be held in the First Presbyterian church. The program here will be as follows:

Selection by the choir, "Family Stand, My Native Land."

Prayer by the chaplain, Rev. A. P. Record.

Selection by the choir, "Columbia."

Reading of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, by Captain J. P. Cotton.

Selection by the choir, "Flag of the Free," with solo by Miss Florence Carley.

Roll of honor of deceased veterans who have died during the past year, by Past Commander Charles H. Clarke.

Selection by the choir, "Our Brave," Porter, D. D.

Selection by the choir, "March of the Men of Columbia."

"America," by the congregation. Benediction.

At the conclusion of the services in the church the line will move up Broadway, Cranston avenue, Kay street, Bellevue avenue, Pelham street, Thames street, Warner street to the Island cemetery. The Grand Army ritual will be conducted by Commander A. F. Squire of Warren Post, and a salute will be fired by the Newport Artillery. The line will then be re-formed and will proceed to the Soldiers and Sailors' monument when, after a salute to the flag, the line will be dismissed.

Commissary Sergeant Albert T. Bailey of the Newport Artillery Company has been elected inspector of rifle practice, and the following promotions have been made: First Sergeant William Knowe to sergeant major, Second Sergeant Robert C. Edlin to first sergeant, and one step each has been accorded to Sergeants Charles H. Barlow, J. H. Barker, and H. M. Sherman, while the vacancy in the fifth sergeant's place has been filled by the promotion of Corporal C. A. Peabody.

Relatives have been summoned to the bedside of Mrs. Henry S. Hoyt, who is seriously ill at her cottage on Old Beach road. Mrs. Hoyt, who is nearly 85 years old, has enjoyed remarkable health up to a short time ago, when she met with an accident, falling down stairs and dislocating her hip and knee. She is now suffering with bronchitis.

A service commemorative of the birth of Ralph Waldo Emerson will be held in Channing parlors Sunday evening, May 31st, at 7:30 o'clock.

Mrs. Frederick Nelson arrived in this city Tuesday night from New York where she had been ill with a severe attack of the grip.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. DeForest are having their villa opened, preparatory to their arrival early next month.

Grange Meeting.

The next meeting of the Newport County Pomona Grange will be held with Aquidneck Orange at the Town Hall, Middletown, on Tuesday next beginning at 11 a.m. There will be a business meeting first; after that a collation and at 2 p.m. the meeting will be open to the public to which everybody is invited.

In the evening at 7:30 the State Board of Agriculture will hold a Farmers' Institute in connection with the Grange meeting at which time an address will be delivered by Prof. E. H. Forbush, Ornithologist of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture. His subject is the "Birds of the Farm," illustrated by the stereopticon. Prof. Forbush is said to be a very entertaining speaker and the lecture will be an interesting one. Mr. Walter Sherman of this city, the Master of the Pomona Grange, is making a big effort to get out a large number of people to both the day and evening meeting.

There are five granges in this county: Aquidneck of Middletown, Portsmouth of Portsmouth, Nonquit of Tiverton, Little Compton of Little Compton and Jamestown of Jamestown.

A largely attended meeting of representative citizens was held at the Touro Synagogue last Tuesday evening for the purpose of protesting against the terrible atrocities perpetrated upon the Hebrews in Russia. The meeting was called to order by Max Levy, and Mayor Boyle was chosen chairman and Mr. Levy secretary. Among the speakers were Mayor Boyle, Max Levy, Rabbi Bittel, Rev. E. H. Porter, D. D., Rev. Israel Derricks, Rev. H. N. Jeter, Rev. T. O. McClelland, Rev. Hyron Gunner, and Julian Engle. Resolutions of indignation were adopted and Mayor Boyle was chosen treasurer to receive and forward funds for the relief of the Jews.

Mr. John W. Bachelier is presenting to a few of his friends cake made for his wedding twenty-five years ago. Mr. Bachelier was married May 23, 1878, in Charlestown, Mass., to Rebecca S. Barnes. This cake was made for the occasion by a Newport lady. When cut a few days ago it was just as fresh and as palatable as when made twenty-five years ago. Mrs. Bachelier's father was a cousin of Rufus Choate, and her great-grandfather was aide-de-camp to General Hancock in the Revolutionary War.

Chaplain William G. Cassard, U. S. N., attached to the Naval Training Station, surprised his many friends Monday by publicly announcing his withdrawal from the ministry and membership of the Methodist Church to enter the Protestant Episcopal faith. Chaplain Cassard will receive the holy rites of confirmation at Emmanuel Church tomorrow evening and will at once become a candidate for holy orders to the ministry of that communion.

The steamer timetable on the Old Colony Street Railroad goes into effect on June 1. On Sundays and holidays cars will leave Newport every half hour beginning at 7:30 a.m. Island Park will open for the season today, May 30, with music for dancing both afternoon and evening. On Sundays a band concert will be given from 8 to 6 p.m. There will also be music for dancing Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings during June.

It is expected that Secretary and Mrs. Hay of Washington will spend a portion of the season in Newport, guests of their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Payne Whitney, the latter having leased "Edgerton," on Harrison avenue, owned by Mr. Henry White, first secretary of the American embassy at London.

Encouraging reports are heard regarding the sickness at the Training Station among the naval apprentices. Tents have been erected on the Island and boys from the monitor Amphitrite and the Constellation are to be sent to the station here and located in tents. Both vessels will be overhauled and thoroughly fumigated.

About thirty persons from this city attended the sessions of the Epworth League Conference in Bristol on Thursday making the trip in a special launch. Rev. F. L. Streeter of this city delivered an address on "Inspiration to Mission Study and Work for Leagues."

The police raided the little fruit stand on Washington square near the National Exchange Bank last week and secured a large quantity of bottled beer in readiness for Sunday business. The place was run by a woman.

Cards are out for the marriage of Miss Louise Cutler Francis, niece of Dr. V. Mott Francis, to Mr. Harvey Grosvenor Francis Curtis, on Wednesday, June 3, at 3 o'clock, in Emmanuel Church, West Roxbury, Mass.

Major General Chaffee and his staff, who have been inspecting the fortifications and troops in this vicinity, have gone to New York on the transatlantic Kearsarge to inspect Fort Hamilton.

Appellate Court.

The appellate division of the supreme court resumed its May session in this city on Monday with Judge Douglas presiding. When the docket was called there were many continuances entered.

The first civil case tried was that of William Watts Sherman vs. John Doyle, an action for breach of warranty of a horse. The plaintiff introduced evidence to show that he had purchased two horses from defendant, warranted sound, kind and true in harness and not to shy. After being used one of them proved to be a "croaker" and the other shied badly. The defense brought out the fact that there was influenza in the plaintiff's stable where the horses were placed after their purchase, and the trouble with the horse's wind might arise from that source.

The next case heard was that of Quinn, Woodland & Co. vs. Dennis Broderick, action on book account. The decision was for the defendant.

The divorce cases were next in order and the following were heard: Helen L. Gilmore vs. Hugh W. Gilmore, neglect to provide; Catherine Coffey vs. Patrick J. Coffey, desertion and non support; William Davis vs. Emma D. Davis, desertion; Robert S. Hudson vs. Fanny Hudson, desertion; Ammanuel Freeman vs. Beulah Freeman, misbehavior; Benjamin A. Williams vs. Florence A. Williams, desertion; Edna Irene Smith vs. James R. W. Smith, desertion and neglect to provide; Mary Isabelle Kemp vs. Arthur T. Kemp, neglect to provide. Divorce decrees do not enter until six months have elapsed.

In Patrick H. Morgan vs. John H. Morgan judgment was ordered for plaintiff in the sum of \$1,039.81. After a number of foreigners were naturalized, the court adjourned to meet according to law.

Fall River Line Service.

After Sunday, May 31st, and continuing during the period of Providence line passenger service which will be operated commencing Monday, June 1st, the Fall River line steamers will omit the Sunday night stop at Newport, and the steamer Plymouth of the Providence line will perform the Newport to New York Sunday night service, leaving Newport at 10 p.m., the same as last summer.

At the regular meeting of the park commission on Tuesday evening it was voted to request the city council to make a special appropriation of \$1000 for necessary work on the parks including repairs to the sea walls and painting. It was also decided to have some of the band concerts on Sundays instead of holding them all on the evenings during the week. The chairman was authorized to prepare a schedule of concerts for the season.

The school committee is making preparations to go ahead with the erection of the new high school building on the Central court site as originally intended. The alterations suggested are being made to the plans as originally drawn by Architect Withers and the design will soon be ready for the bidders.

Steamer General has resumed her place on the Wickford line after a thorough overhauling. Many improvements have been made and considerable new furnishings of an attractive character have been installed. The summer time table on this line goes into effect on June 1. There are not many changes from the schedule that was in effect last summer.

Fall River parties have been in the city this week looking after the prospects of a sanitarium that it is proposed to erect at Conanicut Park. The matter was discussed with the real estate agents and others who might be interested in such an undertaking.

His Excellency Lucius F. C. Garvin, Governor of the State, was the principal speaker at the smoke talk of the St. Joseph Holy Name Society last Sunday evening, his subject being "Mistakes of Modern Civilization."

The Howland memorial window at Emmanuel Church was dedicated on Sunday last with appropriate ceremony. The window is a memorial to Mary Louise Howland.

Mr. Milton P. Tilley of this city, son of Mr. Herbert C. Tilley, has received the appointment of supervising draughtsman in the office of Hilton & Jackson, Providence.

Mr. George Nixon, of the firm of Harris & Nixon, who operate a summer store in Newport, died at his home in New York this week.

Mrs. Matt and Miss Mott, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. David Stevens, have returned to their home in Watervliet, N. Y.

The Earl and Countess of Yarmouth are expected to spend a portion of the summer in Newport.

Proposed Road Changes.

Friday next, June 5, is the date set for the hearing in the board of aldermen on the petition of Oliver H. F. Belmont to close certain roads in the vicinity of his cottage near the lower end of Bellevue avenue and to have the city accept in their stead certain new roads that he has laid out. It is understood that ex-Governor Charles Warren Elphinstone, whose property is situated at the end of Lodge road, will protest against such a change. If serious objection to the proposed changes is made it is probable that the proposed layout will be abandoned as was the case when Mr. Belmont first tried to make these changes a few years ago.

Mr. Belmont desires the city to abandon those portions of Lake View avenue, Lodge road and Coggeshall avenue which immediately surround his residence and to accept in their stead a stretch of road leading from Lake View avenue across Coggeshall avenue to Ocean avenue. This change would make perhaps a trifle longer route for any one living on the southerly end of Lodge road to get to the city but would not materially affect the residents of any other part of the city. Of course if any resident of that section objects he is entitled to have his rights respected.

Recent Deaths.

Captain Edward W. Young.

Captain Edward W. Young, one of Newport's old time pilots, died at his residence on Elm street on Saturday last after a long and painful illness. Captain Young was well and favorably known in this city and was one of those hale and hearty old pilots of long ago, following his profession as long as he was able. The weather was never too severe for him to venture out, facing all kinds of storms and the cold.

For thirty years or more Captain Young had been a member of the Thames Street M. E. Church, where he was a most faithful worker, and was a member of the board of that church. He was a member of Rhode Island Lodge and Aquidneck Encampment. A widow and one daughter, Mrs. Thomas Lucas, survive him.

General Manager Foster of the Massachusetts Electric Company has decided to accept the position offered him in New Orleans and Mr. R. B. Coff has been promoted to the vacancy thus caused. Mr. Foster will remain in the north for a short time to assist Mr. Coff at the beginning of his new duties.

A hat and coat was found on the roadside in Middletown on Thursday and were turned over to Sheriff Anthony. Papers found in the pockets indicated that the garments belonged to a John McMillan of Fall River who was apparently at one time fireman on the steamer Pilgrim.

Mrs. William H. Cotton is in Boston awaiting the arrival of her son, Mr. William Cotton, who is returning from Paris, where he has been studying art for several years. Mrs. Cotton was accompanied to Boston by her daughter, Miss Mary Cotton.

Last Tuesday was the day that would have been Newport's "Lecture" had not the constitution of the State been changed so that Providence could have a chance at the festivities of the inauguration.

Beginning Monday, June 1, the Wickford boat will leave Newport at 7:00 and 10:00 a.m., 1:15, 4:05, 7:30 and 11:00 p.m. It will arrive here at 6:35 and 9:45 a.m., 1:00, 4:00, 6:40 and 10:30 p.m.

Detective Sergeant Frank West, son of the late John West, is visiting friends in this city. He lives in Chicago, and has not visited his native city before in many years.

The one hundred and nineteenth anniversary of the Friends School of Providence will be observed on June 28.

An alarm was rung in from Box 4 Friday noon for a fire in the city dump which threatened a neighboring barn.

Mr. and Mrs. David Stevens have gone to New Haven for a few days visit.

Small pox has again broken out in Fall River and there is a number of cases there.

Royal Blue Line. Gettysburg and Washington

Leaves Boston Friday June 5th. \$32.00 covers every expense (except supper on Fall River line) for a trip of a week.

Beautiful and interesting drives over the famous Battledore under escort of experienced Guide. Magnificent scenery of Pen Mar and Blue Mountains. Stop in Reading, Pa., for a trip to Mt. Penn. Three days in Washington and visit to Philadelphia. This is the most delightful trip of the season. Longer over-stop if desired. For illustrated itinerary and Battledore map apply to Joe P. Taggart, N. E. P. A., 300 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

When Knighthood Was In Flower

Or, The Love Story of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor, the King's Sister, and Happening in the Reign of the August Majesty King Henry the Eighth.

Revised and Rewritten into Modern English, from Sir Edwin Caskoden's Memoir.

By Edwin Caskoden (Charles Major).

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CHAPTER XXI.

LETTERS FROM A QUEEN.

UPON my return to England I left Jane down in Suffolk with her uncle, Lord Bellingham, having determined never to permit her to come within sight of King Henry again if I could prevent it. I then went up to London with the twofold purpose of seeing Brandon and resigning my place as master of the dance.

When I presented myself to the king and told him of my marriage, he drew into a great passion because we had not asked his consent. One of his whims was that every one must ask his permission to do anything to eat or sleep or say one's prayers, especially to marry. If the lady was of a degree entitled to be a king's ward, Jane, fortunately, had no estate, the king's father having stolen it from her when she was an infant; so all the king could do about our marriage was to grumble, which I let him do to his heart's content.

"I wish also to thank your majesty for the thousand kindnesses you have shown me," I said, "and although it grieves me to the heart to separate from you, circumstances compel me to tender my resignation as your master of dance." Upon this he was kind enough to express regret and ask me to reconsider, but I stood my ground firmly, and then and there ended my official relations with Henry Tudor forever.

Upon taking my leave of the king I sought Brandon, whom I found comfortably ensconced in our old quarters, he preferring them to much more pretentious apartments offered him in another part of the palace. The king had given him some new furnishings for them, and, as I was to remain a few days to attend to some matters of business, he invited me to share his comfort with him, and I gladly did so.

Those few days with Brandon were my farewell to individuality. Thereafter I was to be so mysteriously intermingled with Jane that I was only a part—and a small part at that, I fear—of two. I did not, of course, regret the change, since it was the one thing in life I most longed for, yet the period was tinged with a faint sentiment of pathos at parting from the old life that had been so kind to me and which I was leaving forever. I said I did not regret it, and, though I was leaving my old habits and companions and friends so dear to me, I was finding them all again in Jane, who was friend as well as wife.

Mary's letter was in one of my boxes which had been delayed, and Jane was to forward it to me when it should come. When I told Brandon of it, I dwelt with emphasis upon its bulk, and he, of course, was delighted and impatient to have it. I had put the letter in the box, but there was something else which Mary had sent to him that I had carried with me. It was a sum of money sufficient to pay the debt against his father's estate and, in addition, to buy some large tracts of land adjoining. Brandon did not hesitate to accept the money and seemed glad that it had come from Mary, she, doubtless, being the only person from whom he would have taken it.

One of Brandon's sisters had married a rich merchant at Ipswich, and another was soon to marry a Scotch gentleman. The brother would probably never marry, so Brandon would eventually have to take charge of the estates. In fact, he afterward lived there many years, and, as Jane and I had purchased a little estate near by, which had been generously added to by Jane's uncle, we saw a great deal of him. But I am getting ahead of my story again.

The D'Angouleme complication troubled me greatly, notwithstanding my faith in Mary, and although I had resolved to say nothing to Brandon about it, I soon told him plainly what I thought and feared.

He replied with a low, contented little laugh.

"Do not fear for Mary. I do not. That young fellow is of different stuff. I know, from the old king, but I have all faith in her purity and ability to take care of herself. Before she left she promised to be true to me, whatever befell, and I trust her entirely. I am not so unhappy by any means as one would expect. Am I? And I was compelled to admit that she certainly was not."

So it seems they had met, as Jane and I suspected, but how Mary managed it I am sure I cannot tell. She beat the very deuce for having her own way, by hook or by crook. Then came the bulky letter, which Brandon pounced upon and eagerly devoured. I leave out most of the sentimental passages, which, like effervescent wine, lose flavor quickly. She said, in part:

To Master Brandon:

Sir and Dear Friend, Greeting—After leaving thee, long time had I that mighty grief and dole within my heart that it was like to break, for my separation from thee was so much harder to bear even than I had taken thought of, and I also doubted me that I could live in Paris, as I did wish. Sleep rested not upon my weary eyes, and of a very deed could I neither eat nor drink, since food distasted me like a nausea and wine did strangle in my throat. This lasted through my journey hither, which I did prolong upon many pretenses nearly two months, but when I did at last rest mine eyes for the first time upon this King Louis's face I well knew that I could rule him, and when I did arrive and had adjusted myself in this Paris I found it no easy that my heart leaped for very joy. Beauty goeth so far with this infatuated people that easily do I rule them all, and truly faith a servile subject make a sharp, capricious tyrant. Thereby the misfortune which hath come upon us is of so much less evil and is so like to be of such short duration that I am almost happy, but for lack of thee, and sometimes think that after all it may yet be a blessing upon me.

"This new, unexpected face upon our trouble hath so driven the old gnawing ache out of my heart that I love to be alone and dream, open-eyed, of this time, of a surety not far off, when I shall be with thee. It is oftentimes sore hard for me who have never waited distance to wait, like a patient Orsinda, which of a truth I am not, for this which I do so want, but I try to make myself content with the thought that full sure it will not be long, and that when this tedious time hath spent itself we shall look back upon it as a very soft school, and shall rather joy that we did not purchase our heavenly release at too dear a price."

I said I find it easy to live here as I wish, and did begin to tell thee how it was when I ran off into telling of how I long for thee, so I will try again. This Louis, to begin with, is but the veriest shadow of a man, of whom thou needst have not one jealous thought. He is on a bed of sickness most of the time, of his own accord, and, perchance, he has but little will to stay or so I do straightaway make him ill again in one way or another, and please God, hope to wear him out entirely ere long time. Of a deed, Brother Henry was right. Better had it been for Louis to have married a human devil than me, for it maketh a very one out of me if mine eyes but rest upon him, and thou knowest full well what kind of a devil I am. These Henry knights, at any rate, for all this do I grieve, but have no remedy nor want one. I sometimes do almost compassionate the old king, but I cannot forbear, for he turneth my very blood to biting gall, and must even take the consequences of his own folly. Truly is he wild for love of me, this poor old man, and the more I hold him in distance have the more he fondly dotes. I do verily believe he would try to stand upon his foolish old head but I will not let him. I sometimes have a thought to make him try it. He doth enough that is senseless and absurd, in all conscience, as it is. At all of this do the courtiers smile and laugh and put me forward to other pranks—that is, all but a few of the older ones, who shake their heads but dare do nothing else for fear of the dauphin, who will soon be king and who stands first in urging and abetting me. So it is easy for me to do what I wish, and above all to leave undone that which I wish not, for I do easily rule them all, as good Sir Edwin and dear Jane will testify. I have a little every night when I do make a game of myself, and for one by dancing La Coite with his majesty until his heels, and his poor old head, too, are like to fall off. Others importune me for those dances, especially the dauphin, but I laugh and shake my head and say that I will dance with no one but the king, because he dances so well. This pleases his majesty mightily, and maketh an opening for me to avoid the touch of other courtiers. I am jealous of myself for thy sake, and save and garner every little touch for thee. . . . Sir Edwin will tell you I dance with no one else and surely never will.

You remember well, I doubt not, when thou first didst teach me this new dance. Ah, how delightful it was, and yet how hard it did bridle me, and how I loved it. Thou hast not now how my heart beat during all the time of that first dance. I thought, of a surety, it would burst, and then the wild thrill of frightened ecstasy that made my blood run like fire! I knew it must be wrong, for it was, in truth, too sweet a thing to be right. And then I grew angry at this as the cause of my wrongdoing and sought the remedy in the usual. Truly didst thou conquer, not win, me. Then afterward, withal it so frightened me, how I longed to dance again, and could in no way stay myself from asking. At times could I hardly wait till evening fell, and when upon occasion thou didst not come I was so angry I said I hated thee. What must thou have thought of me, so forward and bold! And that afternoon, Ah, I think of every hour, and o'er and hear it all and live it o'er and o'er, as it sweeter grows with memory's ripening touch. Some moments there are that send their glad ripple down through life's stream to the verse of the grave, and truly blest is one who can smile upon and kiss these memory waves and find in them a bliss that never fails; but thou knowest full well my heart, and I need not tease thee with its outpourings.

There is yet another matter of which I wish to write in very earnestness. Sir Edwin spoke to me thereof, and what he said hath given me serious thought. I thank him for his words, of which he will tell thee in full if thou art importunate with me thereof. It is this. The dauphin, Francis d'Angouleme, hath fallen desperately fond of me and is quite as importunate and almost as foolish as the elder lover. This people in this strange land of France have, in sooth, some curious notions. For an example thereto, no one thinks to find anything unseemly in the dauphin's conduct by reason of his having already a wife, and, as thou knowest, the Princess Claude, daughter to the king. I laugh at him and let him say what he will, for in truth I am powerless to prevent it. Words cannot sever even a rose leaf and will not harm me. Then, by his help and example, I am justified in the eyes of the court in that I so treat the king, which otherwise it were impossible for me to do and live here. He loveth me much I may testify thee, yet I am driven to tolerate his words, which I turn off with a laugh, making sure, thou mayest know, that it come to nothing more than words. And thus it is, however much I wish it not, that I do use him to help me treat the king as I like, and do then use the poor old king as my buckler against the dauphin's too great familiarity. But, my friend, when the king comes to a moment's notice, and when he comes waste not a precious instant. It may mean all to thee and me. I could write on and on forever, and it would be only to tell thee o'er and o'er that my heart is full of thee to overflowing. I thank thee that thou hast never doubted me, and will see that thou hast hereafter only good cause for better faith.

"Reginald? That was all. Only a queen! Surely no one could charge Brandon with possessing too modest tastes."

It was, I think, during the second week in December that I gave this letter to Brandon, and about a fortnight later there came to him a messenger from Paris, bringing another from Mary, as follows:

Master Charles Brandon: Sir and Dear Friend, Greeting—I have but time to write that the king is so ill he cannot but die ere morning. Thou knowest that which I last wrote to thee, and in addition thereto I would say that although I have, as thou likewise knowest, my brother's permission to marry whom I wish, yet as I have his one consent in earlier that we act upon it, rather than be so scrupulous as to ask for another. So it were better that thou take me to wife upon the old rather than risk the necessity of having to do it without any. I say no more, but with all the speed thou knowest. MARY.

It is needless to say that Brandon started in haste for Paris. He left court for the ostensible purpose of paying me a visit, and came to Ipswich, whence we sailed.

The French king was dead before Mary's message reached London, and when we arrived at Paris Francis I. reigned on the throne of his father-law. I had guessed only too accurately. As soon as the restraint of the old king's presence, light as it had been, was removed, the young king opened his attack upon Mary in dreadful earnest. He begged and pleaded and swore his love, which was surely manifest enough, and within three days after the old king's death offered to divorce Claude and make Mary his

queen. When she refused this flattering offer, his surprise was genuine.

"Do you know what you refuse?" he asked in a temper. "I offer to make you my wife—queen of 15,000,000 of the greatest subjects on earth—and are you such a fool as to refuse a gift like that, and a man like me for a husband?"

"That I am, your majesty, and with a good grace. I am queen of France without your help and care not so much as one penny for the honor. It is greater to be a princess of England. As for this love you avow, I would make so bold as to suggest that you have a good, true wife, to whom you would do well to give it all. To me it is nothing, even were you a thousand times the king you are. My heart is another's, and I have my brother's permission to marry him."

"Another's? God's soul! Tell me who this fellow is that I may spit him on my sword!"

"No, no! You would not. Even were you as valiant and grand as you think yourself, you would be but a child in his hands."

Francis was furious, and had Mary's apartments guarded to prevent her escape, swearing he would have his way. As soon as Brandon and I arrived in Paris we took private lodgings, and well it was that we did. I at once went out to reconnoiter, and found the widowed queen a prisoner in the old Palace des Tourneilles. With the help of Queen Claude I secretly obtained an interview and learned the true state of affairs.

Had Brandon been recognized and his mission known in Paris he would certainly have been assassinated by order of Francis.

When I saw the whole situation, with Mary nothing less than a prisoner in the palace, I was ready to give up without a struggle, but not so Mary. Her brain was worth having, so fertile was it in expedients, and while I was ready to despair, she was only getting herself in good fighting order.

After Mary's refusal of Francis, and after he had learned that the sacrifice of Claude would not help him, he grew desperate and determined to keep the English girl in his court at any price and by any means. So he hit upon the scheme of marrying her to his weak-minded cousin, the Count of Savoy. To that end he sent a hurried embassy to Henry VIII., offering, in case of the Savoy marriage, to pay back Mary's dowry of 400,000 crowns. He offered to help Henry in the matter of the Imperial crown in case of Maximilian's death, a help much greater than any King Louis could have given. He also offered to confirm Henry in all his French possessions and to relinquish all claims of his own thereto—all as the price of an eighteen-year-old girl. Do you wonder she had an exalted estimate of her own value?

As to Henry, it of course need not be said that half the price offered would have bought him to break an oath made upon the true cross itself. The promise he had made to Mary, broken in intent before it was given, stood not for an instant in the way of the French king's wishes, and Henry, with a promptitude begotten of greed, was as hasty in sending an embassy to accept the offer as Francis had been to make it. It mattered not to him what new torture he put upon his sister. The price, I believe, was sufficient to have induced him to cut off her head with his own hands.

If Francis and Henry were quick in their movements, Mary was quicker. Her plan was made in the twinkling of an eye. Immediately upon seeing me at the palace she sent for Queen Claude, with whom she had become fast friends, and told her all she knew. She did not know of the scheme for the Savoy marriage, though Queen Claude did and fully explained it to Mary. Naturally enough, Claude would be glad to get Mary as far away from France and her husband as possible, and was only too willing to lend a helping hand to our purpose, or Mary's, rather, for she was the leader.

We quickly agreed among ourselves that Mary and Queen Claude should within an hour go out in Claude's new coach for the ostensible purpose of hearing mass. Brandon and I were to go to the same little chapel in which Jane and I had been married, where Mary said the little priest could administer the sacrament of marriage and perform the ceremony as well as if he were three as large.

I hurriedly found Brandon and repaired to the little chapel, where we waited for a very long time, we thought. At last the two queens entered as if to make their devotions. As soon as



He fell upon his knee and kissed the hem of her gown.

Brandon and Mary caught sight of each other Queen Claude and I began to examine the shrines and decipher the Latin inscriptions. If these two had not married soon, they would have been the death of me. I was compelled at length to remind them that time was very precious just at that juncture, whereupon Mary, who was half laughing, half crying, lifted her hands to her hair and let it fall in all its lustrous wealth down over her shoulders. When Brandon saw this, he fell upon his knee and kissed the hem of her gown, and she, standing over him, raised his

to his feet and placed her hand in his.

Thus Mary was married to the man to save whose life she had four months before married the French king.

She and Queen Claude had forgotten nothing, and all arrangements were completed for the flight. A messenger had been dispatched two hours before with an order from Queen Claude that a ship should be waiting at Dieppe ready to sail immediately upon our arrival.

After the ceremony Claude quickly bound up Mary's hair, and the queens departed from the chapel in their coach. We soon followed, meeting them again at St. Denis gate, where we found the best of horses and four sturdy men awaiting us. The messenger to Dieppe who had preceded us would arrange for relays, and, as Mary, according to her wont when she had another to rely upon, had taken the opportunity to become thoroughly frightened, no time was lost. We made those forty leagues in less than twenty-four hours from the time of starting, having paused only for a short rest at a little town near Rouen, which city we carefully passed around.

We had little fear of being overtaken at the rate we were riding, but Mary said she supposed the wind would do us down for a month immediately upon our arrival at Dieppe. Fortunately no one pursued us, thanks to Queen Claude, who had spread the report that Mary was ill, and, fortunately also, thanks to Mary's surprise and delight, when we arrived at Dieppe, as fair a wind as a sailor's heart could wish was blowing right up the channel. It was a part of the system of relay-houses, ship and wind.

"When the very wind blows for our special use, we may surely dismiss fear," said Mary, laughing and clapping her hands, but nearly ready for tears notwithstanding.

The ship was a fine new one, well fitted to breast any sea, and, learning this, we at once agreed that upon landing in England Mary and I should go to London and wait over the king. If possible, we felt some confidence in being able to do this, as we counted upon Wolsey's help, but in case of failure we still had our plans. Brandon was to take the ship to a certain island off the Suffolk coast and there await us the period of a year if need be, as Mary might, in case of Henry's obstinacy, be detained, then revivified and remain the ship and out through the North Sea for their former haven, New Spain.

In case of Henry's consent, how they were to live in a style fit for a princess Brandon did not know unless Henry should open his heart and provide for them, a doubtful contingency upon which they did not base much hope. At a pluck they might go down into Suffolk and live next to Jane and me on Brandon's estates. To this Mary readily agreed, and said it was what she wanted above all else.

There was one thing now in favor of the king's acquiescence. During the last three months Brandon had become very necessary to his amusement, and amusement was his greatest need and aim in life.

Mary and I went to London to see the king, having landed at Southampton for the purpose of throwing off the scent any one who might seek the ship. The king was delighted to see his sister, and kissed her over and over again.

Mary had as hard a game to play as ever fell to the lot of woman, but she was equal to the emergency if any woman ever was. She did not give Henry the slightest hint that she knew anything of the Count of Savoy episode, but calmly assumed that of course her brother had meant literally what he said when he made the promise as to the second marriage.

The king soon asked: "But what are you doing here? They have hardly buried Louis as yet, have they?"

"I am sure I do not know," answered Mary, "and I certainly care less. I married him only during his life and not for one moment afterward, so I came away and left them to bury him or keep him, as they choose; I care not which."

"But"—began Henry, when Mary interrupted him, saying, "I will tell you"—I had taken good care that Wolsey should be present at this interview. So we four—the king, Wolsey, Mary and myself—quietly stepped into a little alcove away from the others and prepared to listen to Mary's tale, which was told with all her dramatic eloquence and feminine persuasiveness. She told of the ignoble insults of Francis, of his vile proposals—insisted upon, almost to the point of force—carefully concealing, however, the offer to divorce Claude and make her queen, which proposition might have had its attractions for Henry. She told of her imprisonment in the Palace des Tourneilles, and of her deadly peril and many indignities, and the tale lost nothing in the telling. Then she finished by throwing her arms around Henry's neck in a passionate flood of tears and begging him to protect her, to save her, save her, save her, his little sister!

It was all such perfect acting that for the time I forgot it was acting, and a great lump swelled up in my throat. It was, however, only for the instant, and when Mary, whose face was hidden from all the others on Henry's breast, smiled slyly at me from the midst of her tears and sobs, I burst into a laugh that was like to have spoiled everything. Henry turned quickly upon me, and I tried to cover it by pretending that I was sobbing. Wolsey helped me out by putting a corner of his gown to his eyes, when Henry, seeing us all so affected, began to catch the fever and swell with indignation. He put Mary away from him and, striding up and down the room, exclaimed in a voice that all could hear: "The dog, the dog, to treat my sister so! My sister! My father's daughter! My sister! The first princess of England and queen of France for his mistress! By every god that ever breathed, I'll chastise this scurvy cur until he howls again. I swear it by my crown, if it cost me my kingdom," and so on until words failed him. But see how he kept his oath, and see how he and Francis bobbed not long afterward at the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Henry came back to Mary and began to question her, when she repeated the story for him. Then it was she told of

my timely arrival, and how, in order to escape and protect herself from Francis, she had been compelled to marry Brandon and flee with us.

She said: "I so wanted to come home to England and be married where my dear mother could give me away, but I was in such mortal dread of Francis, and there was no other means of escape, so—"

"God's death! If I had but one other sister like you, I swear before heaven I'd have myself hanged. Married to Brandon! Foul! Foul! What do you mean? Married to Brandon! Just! You'll drive me mad! Just one other like you in England, and the whole damned kingdom might sleep. I'd have none of it. Married to Brandon without my consent!"

"No, no, brother," answered Mary softly, leaning affectionately against his bulky form. "Do you suppose I would do that? Now, don't be unkind to me when I have been away from you so long! You gave your consent four months ago. Do you not remember? You know I would never have done it otherwise."

"Yes, I know! You would not do anything—you did not want, and it seems equally certain that in the end you always manage to do everything you do want. Hell and fury!"

"Why, brother, I will leave it to my lord bishop of York if you did not promise me that day, in this very room and almost on this very spot, that if I would marry Louis of France I might marry whomsoever I wished when he should die. Of course you knew, after what I had said, whom I should choose, so I went to a little church in company with Queen Claude and took my hair down and married him, and I am his wife, and no power on earth can make it otherwise." And she looked up into his face with a defiant little pout, as much as to say, "Now, what are you going to do about it?"

Henry looked at her in surprise and then burst out laughing. "Married to Brandon with your hair down?" And he roared again, holding his sides. "Well, you do beat the devil. There's no denying that. Poor old Louis! That was a good joke on him. I'll stake my crown he was glad to die! You kept it warm enough for him. I make no doubt."

"Well," said Mary, with a little shrug of her shoulders, "he would marry me."

"Yes, and now poor Brandon doesn't know the trouble ahead of him either. He has my pity, by Jove!"

"Oh, that is different," returned Mary, and her eyes burned softly, and her whole person fairly radiated, as expressive was she of the fact that "it was different."

Different? Yes, as light from darkness; as love from loathing; as heaven from the other place; as Brandon from Louis, and that tells it all.

Henry turned to Wolsey, "Have you ever heard anything equal to it, my lord bishop?"

My lord bishop, of course, never had, nothing that even approached it.

"What are we to do about it?" continued Henry, still addressing Wolsey. The bishop assumed a thoughtful expression, as if to appear deliberate in so great a matter, and said, "I see but one thing that can be done."

And then he threw in a few soft, oily words upon the troubled waters that made Mary wish she had never called him "thou butcher's cur," and Henry after a pause asked: "Where is Brandon? He is a good fellow, after all, and what we can't help we must endure. He'll find punishment enough in you. Tell him to come home—I suppose you have him hid around some place—and we'll try to do something for him."

"What will you do for him, brother?" said Mary, not wanting to give the king's friendly impulse time to weaken.

"Oh, don't bother about that now," But she held him fast by the hand and would not let go.

"Well, what do you want? Out with it. I suppose I might as well give it up easily; you will have it sooner or later. Out with it and be done."

"Could you make him duke of Suffolk?"

"Eh? I suppose so. What say you, my lord of York?"

York was willing; thought it would be just the thing.

"So be it, then," said Henry. "Now I am going out to hunt, and will not listen to another word. You will coax me out of my kingdom for that fellow yet." He was about to leave the room when he turned to Mary, saying: "By the way, sister, can you have Brandon here by Sunday next? I am to have a joust."

Mary thought she could, and the great event was accomplished.

One false word, one false syllable, one false tone, would have spoiled it all had not Mary—but I fear you are weary with hearing so much of Mary.

So after all, Mary, though a queen, came portionless to Brandon. He got the title, but never received the estates of Suffolk. All he received with her was the money I carried to him from France. Nevertheless, Brandon thought himself the richest man in all the earth, and surely he was one of the happiest. Such a woman as Mary is dangerous, except in a state of complete subjection, but she was bound hand and foot in the silken meshes of her own weaving, and her power for blissmaking was almost infinite.

And now it was, as all who read may know, that this fair, sweet, willful Mary dropped out of history, a sore token that her heart was her husband's throne, her soul his empire, her every wish his subject, and her will, so masterful with others, the meek and lowly servant of her strong but gentle lord and master, Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk.

THE END.

A Request.

Mistress—Didn't you hear me ring before?

Maid—I kind of thought I did ma'am, but I wasn't sure.

Mistress—Well, next time, please, give me the benefit of the doubt.—Puck.

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Lee's Stride to Gettysburg

A FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY
June 15-19, 1863

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LEE'S advance guard, consisting of 2,000 cavalry under General A. G. Jenkins, rode into Chambersburg the 15th of June, 1863, and seemed very much at home on Pennsylvania soil. The troops in gray had galloped from the Potomac during the night and their sudden swoop into the heart of the Keystone State was like a bolt from a clear sky. The fact that the people of the north and the authorities in Washington knew the enemy was beyond the Rappahannock with Hooker's army master of the situation.

Jenkins' soldiers looted on the supplies for horses, cattle and more supplies, paying for all values in Confederate scrip, worth nothing except as a souvenir. Having some of his own horses stolen, by way of retaliation Jenkins demanded pay of the authorities, and it was promptly handed over in Confederate money.

There had been Confederate raids across the border before, even as far as Chambersburg, but Jenkins' coolness had an ominous look. Lincoln called for 120,000 militia to defend the cities of the north, and it soon transpired that the raiders had good backing. The same day a division of Ewell's Infantry crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, and there was fighting in the Shenandoah valley near the Potomac with the rest of Ewell's corps.

Ewell marched his corps from the Rappahannock, following the route west of the Blue Ridge to keep his movement from the eyes of the Federals. At the same time Longstreet's corps slowly advanced east of the Blue Ridge to control the gaps leading through it and guard Ewell from surprise. Longstreet also had his movements guarded by Jeb Stuart's cavalry, which scouted farther east along the slopes of Bull Run mountains. Thus there were three columns of Confederates forging their way to the north while Hooker was still facing southward and even planning to cross the Rappahannock and dash for Richmond.

The great highway to the Potomac through the Shenandoah valley had not been left unguarded by the Federals, but an invasion by Lee's whole army had not been provided for. General Milroy lay at Winchester with a large force entrenched. The neighboring post of Martinsburg also held a Federal garrison. In order to cut off Milroy from help General Imboden's Confederate cavalry passed around and destroyed the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in his rear. Milroy was ordered by his superiors to retreat to Harpers Ferry, but he preferred to stand his ground. Ewell first threatened Martinsburg, and the Federal garrison there marched to Winchester. Learning from scouts that he was confronted by Ewell's whole corps, Milroy decided; when too late, to retreat. One division of Ewell's attacked him on the 14th, and after desperate fighting, in which both sides made gallant charges, the Confederates broke through the intrenchments and could not be driven out.

Leaving one brigade to hold Milroy in the net, Ewell struck out for the Potomac to cut off the Federal retreat. By skillful marching Milroy got away with 5,000 men and left about 2,000 prisoners. The road was open for Lee's trains and artillery. Meanwhile Longstreet passed on from gap to gap, drawing nearer the Potomac and saving Ewell from attack in the rear while Stuart, acting as a foil for Longstreet, kept the Federal cavalry at arm's length.

When Hooker discovered that Lee's troops were shifting camp and drawing away from Fredericksburg, he sent his own cavalry under Pleasanton on the guard track toward Washington to back his rear and cover the capital. Thus while Stuart marched along Bull Run mountains Pleasanton was tied fast by his orders to the line just east of the mountains. But cavalry is never literally idle, and some Federal scouts riding past Aids gap on the 17th took a notion of seeing what lay the other side of the mountain. Fitz Lee's Confederate brigade happened to have the same curiosity on the other side of the barrier at the same time. A fight was opened almost on the run between the Harris Light cavalry of Kilpatrick's brigade and the Fifth Virginia under Colonel T. L. Rosser. On nearing the town of Aids, which lies in front of the gap on the east, Kilpatrick saw the gray troopers in the distance and sent the Harris Light on a gallop through the town to seize the low ridge over which the road runs, close to the gap. Rosser's line charged with drawn sabers, driving the Harris Light back to the town. Rosser then posted sharpshooters along the main road behind some haystacks protected by rail barricades. These sharpshooters clinging to the haystacks, pouring a terrible fire upon Kilpatrick's squadrons as they rode past on the flank to attack the main Confederate position, farther down the road.

Rosser's line was soon reinforced by a full brigade, and Kilpatrick called for help. At last he saw that the sharpshooters at the haystacks must be dislodged or every attempt to advance would be defeated. Calling up Major Irwin's battalion of the Harris Light, he said to the commander, "Go and take that position!" Two charges had already been beaten off by the sharpshooters. The light horsemen dashed down to the barricades, but their charges could not leap the high

obstructions. The troopers quickly dismounted and scaled the rail piles and with drawn sabers overpowered the Virginians.

The fight around the haystacks was one of the exciting incidents of the day at Aids gap. In one of the earlier charges the Fourth New York cavalry faltered. Its leader, Colonel D. C. Senola, was under arrest at the time, but seeing his men hesitate he rode to the front and without a weapon to defend himself led on against the barricade. This charge was also in vain, but Kilpatrick saw the gallant act of D. C. Senola and on his return said to him, "You are a brave man, and I release you from arrest." Handling his own sword, he added, "Wear this in honor of the day." Later in the day D. C. Senola led his regiment in a dash against a stone wall barrier, which was the Confederate stronghold in the pass to the gap. This charge was met by the Second Virginia cavalry, which attacked the New Yorkers in the flank while they were battling at the stone wall. D. C. Senola was desperately wounded and taken prisoner.

Meanwhile Pleasanton had sent Colonel Duffie, with the First Rhode Island cavalry, to reach the gaps on another road, which took him to the town of Middleburg. Stuart heard of Duffie's march and tried to destroy him, but the Rhode Islanders were stubborn and looked for help from Aids, not knowing that the fight was on at that point. Stuart sent no help to his troopers at Aids, and Kilpatrick was also left to his own devices. Late in the day a heavy column under Colonel Rosser charged en masse upon Kilpatrick's right flank. The regiment in advance recoiled from Rosser's blow, and the men in gray threatened to ride down Rosser's Federal battery. Kilpatrick ordered the guns double shot with canister, and placing himself at the head of the First Maine cavalry, waited for Rosser to ride close to the guns. At the cry "Forward!" the Maine men burst forth like an avalanche, and Rosser's line recoiled. Kilpatrick's horse was killed under him, and Colonel Duffie, the Maine leader, fell mortally wounded.

Rallying the regiment which had fallen back before Rosser's charge, Kilpatrick led it in again with the First Maine and drove the enemy from the hill, capturing four guns. With this



"WEAR THIS IN HONOR OF THE DAY."

reverse of fortune Stuart's men left the gold and rode away toward Middleburg at the call of their chief. At nightfall Stuart threw his whole force upon Duffie at Middleburg, but the Rhode Islanders fought behind stone walls and retreated some miles to the cover of a river. Hasting for rest, they were surrounded and finally cut their way out, with heavy loss.

Stuart destroyed Duffie, but in so doing lost the prize of the day, for the Federals pushed on through Aids gap, and forced Longstreet back to the Blue Ridge. This compelled Lee to move the greater part of his army through the Shenandoah, lengthening the route and keeping the invaders at a distance from Washington. But for the victory, at Aids the Confederates would have crossed the Potomac within thirty miles of the capital. When Hooker, turned at last to face with Lee for the choice of position in Pennsylvania, he found a straight road open to the Potomac between Bull Run mountains and the Blue Ridge.

On the 12th Stuart and Pleasanton fought again at Oppleville. Again beaten, the Confederate leader fell back behind Longstreet's infantry and gathered in his scattered squadrons, set out upon the famous raid into eastern Pennsylvania, which carried him out of the campaign until the fate of Lee had been decided on Cemetery hill.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

When a man talks about his wife, he begins by saying: "Of course, I have the best wife in the world. I have no cause for complaint, but—"

THE RESULTS OF A JOKE

(Original.)

Tom Shafro was always trying to be facetious.

Tom's facetiousness cost him so many friends that he was finally reduced to but one man, who stuck to him. This was Albertus Whiteflight. Whiteflight was an exemplary young man with an exemplary young wife. The Whiteflights were members of St. Andrew's church, and Burt was always on hand Sunday nights to show strangers to seats and pass the plate. Mrs. Whiteflight before her marriage had made it an indispensable condition that the man she married should be a good churchman, and she also considered her church the only true church. Burt was obliged to be confirmed before he became her husband.

Shafro was quite intimate with the Whiteflights, counting Mrs. Whiteflight one of his closest friends, as well as her husband. Frequently when Burt was detained late at the office Tom would keep his wife company. One night Tom called at the Whiteflights' about 10 o'clock, and though he remained till 12, the husband did not return.

"You needn't look for Burt till 3 o'clock in the morning," said Tom.

"Why not?" asked the wife, looking up surprised.

"Why, this is the night of the French ball. Burt is undoubtedly there."

Now, every one who lives in New York knows that the French ball or annual gathering given by the Cercle Francaise is a masquerade composed of elements and productive of antics rendering it an unfit place for one occupying a high place in the church. Mrs. Whiteflight looked shocked and was about to make an indignant reply when she remembered Tom's propensity for facetiousness. She simply looked grave and said nothing. Shafro, seeing that the lady declined to be jollied on so serious a subject, turned it and began to talk of other matters. Soon after he took his leave.

At 8 in the morning Whiteflight put his night key into the lock and let himself in softly, thinking that his wife was asleep and not wishing to disturb her. To his surprise, she was sitting in the library.

"Why, my precious darling, what are you doing up at this time?"

"It is a wife's duty to bear her husband's burdens with him. If you must work so late, I decline to rest in a luxurious bed."

"It's very lovely of you, but unnecessary."

"What was the nature of your work tonight?"

"An error in the cash. I was obliged to find it or carry it over, which would have made it all the worse."

"By the bye, did you know that this is the night of the French ball?"

"French ball?" Whiteflight started.

"Yes."

"What do you know about the French ball?"

"I know that it is an improper ball for my husband to attend."

"I? My dear, so you accuse me of such a thing?"

"I have been told that you were there."

Whiteflight caught at the back of a chair for support.

"Who told you such a thing?"

"One of your intimate friends."

"It-how did he know?"

"That doesn't matter. Burt, I am ashamed of you, a man of your position. And to think that you should have so deceived me! I shall never have any confidence in you again."

Mrs. Whiteflight took out her handkerchief, wiped her eyes and, rising, went upstairs. There was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth between the Whiteflights not only that night, but for nights and days to come.

The next afternoon Shafro saw Whiteflight coming down the street and had a joke ready for him. What was his surprise to see Whiteflight pass him with his head in the air. Shafro hurried after him.

"What in the world's the matter, Burt? Have you gone blind?"

"I have always supposed," replied the other angrily, "that you had the decency not to give a man away to his own wife."

"I give you away to your wife? I never did any such thing."

"You did it last night."

"Last night? How?"

"You informed my wife that I was at the French ball?"

"You at the French ball? Who would believe that you would go to such a place? Certainly not I. Now I remember I did say something of the sort as a joke."

"Joke or no joke, I was at the French ball. I was shocked, and no one would have known it if it hadn't been for your contemptible give away. Good morning."

And with a snort Whiteflight broke away from Shafro, and their friendship came to a termination.

The end is not yet. Mrs. Whiteflight, who had a conscience like a poker, decided that her husband was not in a spiritual condition to go to the communion table. All her troubles were divided into two classes, the one for her doctor, the other for her pastor. This was for her pastor. She confided the whole affair to him. The pastor invited the delinquent to his study, and told him that the offense must go to the vestry. When Whiteflight met the vestry, he regretted the matter, especially as he had intended subscribing \$500 for the church, whereupon the vestry decided that the French ball was not (necessarily) a place interdicted to a churchman.

The Whiteflights remained at home the next summer and saved money to pay the subscription.

ALEXANDER R. SHERMAN.

Desperately ill.

Mrs. Parke—Your husband has been very ill, hasn't he?

Mrs. Lane—I never saw him so ill. Why, for two weeks he never spoke a cross word to me.

When a boy is lonesome, it helps a good deal if you feed him.—Abraham Glabe.

A Pope Rejected (Continued.)

We learn from a noted writer of the nineteenth century that Pope Alexander VII., whose pontificate extended from 1655 to 1667, was related to the sultan Mohammed IV. The connection between these two contemporary sovereigns is traced to one of those occurrences which in the times of Moslem invasion and predatory aggression often led to strange blood relationships between representatives of Christian and Mohammedan houses.

The story is told by Wallidius, a contemporary of Alexander VII. and Mohammed IV. Some Turkish corsairs attacked and pillaged the castle of the Marais in 1525 and carried off Margherita, the daughter of Nani Marais, and this fair lady was reserved as a present for the Sultan Solymann, who made her one of his wives. By this union she became the mother of Selim II., ancestor of Mohammed IV.

From the same noble family Alexander VII. was lineally descended on the maternal side. Leonardo Marais, brother of the captive Margherita, had a son, Cesare, whose daughter, Laura, married into the Chigi family and became the mother of Fabio Chigi, known on the roll of pontiffs as Pope Alexander VII.

It was Raleigh and Raleigh who brought potatoes into Ireland at the same time he brought the other American product, tobacco. Sir Walter was highly engaged in opposing the people about Cork, so naturally, when he planted the potato on his estate at Youghal, near Cork, the people were suspicious of it despite its palatableness. Cobbett cursed the root as being the ruin of Ireland, declaring it a device of Satan ingeniously brought into their midst to tempt and eventually to weaken them. Sir Walter ate quantities of potatoes himself before he could assure the people of their harmlessness. Now, with commendable gratitude, the tourist is shown the very spot in the garden where Sir Walter planted the potato root. Close by it is another historical bit of ground. There, it is claimed, Sir Walter rested under the shade of a tree smoking his first pipe of tobacco when his servant deluged him with a pail of water under the impression he was on fire.—What to Eat.

A Silkworm of the Sea.

Silk is obtained from the shellfish known as the pinna, which is found in the Mediterranean. This shellfish has the power of spinning a viscid silk which in Sicily is made into a regular and very handsome fabric. The silk is spun by the shellfish in the first instance for the purpose of attaching itself to the rocks. It is able to guide the delicate filaments to the proper place and there glue them fast, and if they are cut away it can reproduce them. The material when gathered (which is done at low tide) is washed in soap and water, dried, straightened and carded, one pound of the coarse filament yielding about three ounces of fine thread, which, when spun, is a lovely burnished golden brown color.

Settling a Bill.

When Andrew Jackson lived at Salisbury, N. C., he once attended court at Rockford, then the county seat of Surry, and left without paying his bill, which was duly charged up against him on the hotel register, which seems to have been the hotel lodger at that time, and so stood for many years. When the news of the victory of the 8th of January, 1815, was received in this then remote section the old landlord turned back the leaves of the register, took his pen and wrote under the account against Andrew Jackson, "Settled in full by the battle of New Orleans."

Quick Change Artist.

"Marin," began Mr. Stubb, "last night I played poker, and—"

"Played poker?" interrupted Mrs. Stubb. "How dare you spend your money gambling, sir?"

"As I was saying, I played poker and won enough to buy you—"

"You did? Oh, John, you are so good! I knew those sharps could not get the best of you."

"And just as I was about to quit I dropped it all and fifty more!"

"You brute! To think I should have married a gambler!"—Chicago News.

Too Careful.

"One can't be too careful in this world," said the man who regards himself as remarkably wise.

"Yes, we can," answered Mrs. Corn-tassel. "If Josh hadn't been stopping every ten or fifteen minutes to count his money while he was in town, that gold brick man wouldn't of seen how much he had."—Washington Star.

Something Better.

"Doctor, a week ago you gave me something that you said was good for dyspepsia."

"Yes."

"Well, now, suppose you give me something that's bad for it. It's been humored enough, sir."—Baltimore News.

Why He Didn't Call.

You don't call on Miss Cutting any more, I hear, Bobber?"

"No."

"Did she reject you?"

"Not exactly, but when I first began calling there was a mat at the door with the word 'Welcome' written in it, and a motto on the wall that read 'Let Us Love One Another.' Later I noticed that the doorman was changed, for one that said 'Wipe Your Feet,' and a motto declaring that 'Early to Bed and Early to Rise Make a Man Healthy, Wealthy and Wise' had the place of the other."

Qualified Friend.

Nate Salisbury and Bill Nye were great friends. When the humorist first engaged in newspaper work in New York city and took a house on Staten Island, the showman went to dinner with him. Nye exploded some new stories, and Salisbury, turning to his host's little girl, said:

"Very clever papa you've got, my dear."

"Yes," responded the demure little miss, "when there's company."

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JOHN VARS,
127 Thames Street

Fishing in a Forest Fire.

The "gentle art of angling" is not unknown, yet it has its thrills and its dangers. Upon one memorable day I pulled a wiff across the beautiful Trout Lake, in the Nipissing country of Northern Ontario. The air had been gray with smoke for a couple of days, but there seemed to be no cause for alarm. The water was calm, and the fish were jumping. I was fishing from a rock ledge at the mouth of a little stream, I waded the latter for perhaps one hundred yards up. There were plenty of flapping trout, almost too small to bother with, but a new fly was waiting. The woods all about were very dense, and by the time a down fish had been killed the smoke had become too unpleasant for further effort. It was impossible to see many yards in any direction, and I had concluded to retreat when a sudden gust of hot air struck me. All unsuspecting, a great fire had swept through a hidden valley just ahead, a change of wind had turned the flames, and in a few seconds the tree-tops almost overhead were flaming and roaring like blast furnaces.

Only those who have seen it can understand how swiftly a forest fire can advance. Wading a stream and casting here and there as one slowly advances are both easy and pleasant, but running or floundering through that mass of water a few jumps ahead of a conflagration is a different matter. Dropping the rod and reel in the brook, I made a dash for the outlet. The roar above and behind was something terrible, and in a minute the heat had become almost unbearable. Waders are the worst possible foot-gear for speed, but luckily I was in the brook—the safest place. It seemed like two hours—most likely it was two minutes—before I saw the bow of the skiff poking through great masses of smoke. She was still ten yards away when a huge banner of flames streamed directly over her. There was no time for another stroke. It was live or cook!

The key coldness of the water and the deadly drag of the waders were not pleasant, but by cautiously working along the steep shore-rock I managed, to reach safely the blade of a trailing oar. A vigorous pull floated the skiff, and in a minute I had her a few yards beyond the fire line. When I ventured to climb into her the varnish on the waders was "bucky," and half her length on one side was blistered. Had any one pulled out the place and said that a noble-bodied man could possibly have got into trouble there with a forest fire, I should have scoffed at the idea. But we live and learn: Now, but an expert swimmer and diver could have reached the skiff, which offered the one means of escape.—Edwin Sandys in The World's Work.

The Story of Captain Jones.

We did not fail to see, as the works enlarged, how much success depended upon the mechanical men, the superintendents and foremen, yet not one of these had up to that time been admitted as partner. The business and the mechanical men—office and mill—were still widely separated. Well do I remember the first attempt to bring these two departments into closer relations. It was made with our Captain Jones, one of our members, well known and appreciated by many of you as in the foremost rank of managers, perhaps the foremost of his day in America. He came to us as a working mechanic at eight shillings per day. I explained to the captain how several of the younger men in the business department had been made partners and were actually receiving much greater rewards than he, while his services were at least equally valuable, and informed him that we wished to make him a partner. I shall never forget his reply:

"Mr. Carnegie, I am much obliged, but I know nothing about business and never wish to be troubled with it—I have plenty to trouble me here in these works. Leave me as I am, and just give me a thundering salary."

"Hereafter," I said, "the salary of the President of the United States is yours, Captain," and so it remained till the sad day of his death.—Andrew Carnegie in The World's Work.

When the Dolphin was at San Juan, Porto Rico, with Secretary Moody and his friends aboard, many of the natives went on board to see the ship. One of them wanted a drink of water; turned to a man in a white cap who was standing by the rail and told him to get him one. This was done, and a member of the party who saw the incident turned to the Porto Rican and told him that it was the American custom to tip a man when he did anything. "It would have been much nicer in you if you had," he said, "and especially as the man who got you the water was the secretary of the navy." The Porto Rican spent the next two days in apologizing to Mr. Moody who had thoroughly enjoyed the joke.

"Well, Maggie," asked a teacher of a little Scotch girl, "how is it you are so late in coming to school to-day?" "Please, sir," was the reply, "there was a wee bit o' rain" to our house this mornin'." "Ah," said the teacher, with a smile, "and wasn't your father very pleased with the new baby?" "No, sir; my father is wae in Edinburgh the noo, an' disna ken about it yet; but it was a guid thing ma mither was at home, for gin she had been wae I wadna ha' kent wat she dse wae."—Philadelphia Ledger.

There is a Chinese story from Chiu and the Chinese, which tells how a very stingy man took a paltry sum of money to an artist—payment is always exacted in advance—and asked him to paint his portrait, says an exchange. The artist at once complied with the request, but when the portrait was finished nothing was visible save the back of the sitter's head. "What does this mean?" cried the artist, indignantly. "Well," replied the artist, "I thought a man who paid so little as you paid wouldn't care to show his face."

And, relinquishing the gauze to the astonished Stultax, off he went.—Answer.

There's no hope this side of the grave for the man who knows it all—on the other side the devil don't want him.—The Lord won't have him.—Samuel Salt in Adam Roca.

The Test of Naval Efficiency.

The true test of efficiency of our warship does not lie in its speed, but endurance, or, in other words, its ability to stand almost entirely upon the rapidity and accuracy of gun fire. "Gunnery, gunnery, gunnery," says the first sea lord, "is of extreme importance," and the leading navies of the world are today making such efforts to improve their shooting that it is not too much to say that the greatest progress in naval development in the last year has been in gun practice. The progress has been by the first published reports of the battles of Manila and Santiago, when the American gunners showed the secret of shooting straight. The outcome was a mechanical contrivance invented by Captain Scott of the English navy called a "dotter," by which a small paper target drawn to scale is raised to move in front of a gun with a combined vertical and horizontal movement. While the target is in motion the gun pointer endeavors to train the gun so as to keep the cross wires of the telescope on the target. Whenever the cross wires are "hot," an electrical connection causes a pencil to make a dot on the target, the dot representing a real shot on a real target at a thousand yards. Thus the men are accustomed to train the guns under the disturbing conditions of a ship in a new way.

The result of this training has produced results almost marvelous; in a comparatively short time green men were taught to fire the heavy guns with great precision. A six-inch gun on the Crescent made 100 hits out of 189, at a target about 1,600 yards distant, the average of hits per gun per minute being 4.87. The 9.2 gun made nine hits out of ten at a range of from 1,400 to 2,000 yards. On board the Terrible one of the 9.2 guns fired twelve rounds in six minutes and hit the target nine times, which is 1.6 hits per minute.

Other foreign nations guard more jealously the results of their gun work, but it is known that all the great navies are working to this end, the central idea being to train men to point and fire guns under the sea conditions, and doubtless in the next naval battle the percentage of hits will be far in excess of any yet recorded, which is another way of saying that future naval battles will be of short duration, but more destructive.—World's Work.

The World's Work.

The June World's Work is the annual "world at play" number with many vigorous and practical articles on timely vacation topics and with perhaps the most remarkable illustrations this magazine has ever published. Outside of the recreation ideas are such important and interesting articles as Mr. Carnegie's, "The Secret of Business," Guy Morrison Walker's thoughtful "Railroad Mileage and Wealth" and a resume of the report of the Moseley Commission of the English Workmen who visited America in the winter showing the difference between English and American working conditions. The portion of the magazine given over to the vacation idea includes Lawrence Perry's "The Business of Vacation," an interesting account of the practical business side of the modern vacation, and articles by Franklin Matthews describing the increased "Vacations for the Workers" and by Dr. A. T. Hirston "The Most Healthful Vacation" from a doctor's point of view, both presenting practical facts and interesting suggestions. John H. Spears writes about "The Cup Races," showing that the sport of yacht racing is one of the most practical of possible experiments in naval architecture. Distinctly open and refreshing are Edwin Sandys' delightful fishing reminiscences, Dan Beard's practical article on "The Art of Camping," Ralph D. Paine's "To the Arctic in an Automobile," Frank M. Chappin's story of the sport to be had from "Hunting With a Camera," and Henry D. Sedgwick Jr.'s brilliant word picture of a trip "On Horseback Through the Yellowstone National Park." M. G. Conniff contributes an interesting article about "The Comforts of Railroad Travel," and Raymond Stevens writes about "The Appalachian Club and Mountain Climbing" while Grace Gallatin Seton and Walter Camp tell of some of the exciting and memorable summer experiences that they have had. The magazine is rounded out by a book review that will be found of use in selecting "Fiction for Summer Reading," the editors' "March of Events," and the little articles written "Among the World's Workers."

Bishop Potter of New York recently preached in a small church in that State and the same day attended another service where the rector preached. After the service the young man began to complain to the bishop of his small salary, and said that he only received \$6 for preaching that sermon. "Well," said the bishop, looking him over, "I would not have preached that sermon for \$600."

The Wisconsin experiment station finds that the claim that a nurse crop is necessary for grass and clover sowing is without foundation.

Soil fertility is the farmer's bank account. If we want early vegetables, we must take some chances in early seed sowing.

Wabash—How long did it take you to do that picture?

French Artist (proudly)—I am on—upon art for sex months!

Wabash—Just as I thought. You're dead slow over here. Why I've saw fellows in Chicago turning them things out while ye wait.—Philadelphia Press.

Husband—Darling, I believe that I am failing.

Wife (in alarm)—Gracious! How often I have warned you, George, against your foolish speculations.

Husband—I don't mean in business, dear, I mean I'm failing in health.

Wife (relieved)—Oh, is that all?

Sara—Miss Snowball am in a quandary. She has six daws.

Remus—What ob dat?

Why, she don't know whether it would cost more to support a husband or de six daws.—Chicago News.

Servant—Gracious. Mr. Halton, you have eaten all the birdseed.

Mr. Halton—You don't say? I thought it was a new breakfast food.—Chicago Daily News.

Stilphree—Well, now that you're married, I suppose your wife expects you to live up to your ideals?

Tiedmann (saddy)—No, her ideals.—Brooklyn Life.

"Hoelomo is a very clever man. He writes letters with both hands."

"You don't say?"

"Yep; on a typewriter!"

It's real cheap and easy to feel for folks. But to feel with your neighbors, that's hard; it hurts.—Aunt Abby's Neighbors.

A Trout Fishing Adventure.

Upon another occasion, in northern Michigan, I was trout fishing in company with a veteran timber-cutter, a man who knew everything about the rough bush-life. In time we reached a bend in the stream where a lot of small logs had jammed during the spring freshet. My comrade unhesitatingly ventured upon the logs, and before I could follow by some mechanism he stepped upon a loose one and instantly disappeared. Had I not been looking at him it is likely I should have been amazed he had crossed and gone into the brush upon the farther side. One log of all the mass was rolling and a hand showed at one side of it. To dart across and seize the hand occupied very few seconds, but to my horror, I could not pull him through the narrow space through which he had slipped. To set a foot upon the log either side the opening and shove with all my strength was the only hope. For seconds I clung to the wrist and strained mightily. Slowly the logs separated and up he came till he was able to wade upon his stomach across a log. Half-drowned as he was, he had not lost his nerve. "No, don't let me squeeze back on myself," he gasped, and a moment later he was on his feet. Most men would have weakened then, but he was iron. He had swallowed a lot of water, but been checked by fear with an awful death, yet he had no idea of proving false. The logs were slowly slipping farther apart and I was standing like a certain large gentleman of Rhodes, and unable to stand much more spreading or to spring to either side, while of course to slip into the water meant to enter the trap he had just escaped. In a few seconds he seized my hand and one quick haul carried me to firm footing. The logs at once closed like a gigantic trap. When we reached solid ground my comrade almost collapsed, and for half an hour he was a very sick man. Later he said: "I held my breath as long as I could, calculating you might try to get me, an' pardner, I'll never forget that little turn! I reckon I was in a mighty tight place."—Edwin Sandys in The World's Work.

The Making of Railroad Curves.

Mr. George Pullman once said, when asked the secret of easy riding, that the secrets are so many that no one can keep them. This is true, but the easing of curves is one of them.

Curves, no matter how slight, have always been laid as arcs of true circles. The outer rail is laid according to the sharpness of the curve and the estimated speed of trains that are to round it. A mile-a-minute train on a one degree curve needs an outer rail five inches higher than the inner rail; a slower train a lower elevation. It is clear from this explanation that a train going faster than the maximum for which the track is prepared would shoot off the rails. Conversely, a slower train than the one provided for would grind the flanges off its wheels. Any road must strike a serviceable average for trains of varying speeds, and engineers must nurse their locomotives around the curves as close to it as possible. That puts an inevitable check on high speeds. The Empire State Express once made a burst for two miles at the rate of 102 miles an hour on a straightway section of track. A heavy curve would have shot the engine at that top speed a quarter of a mile across country. On most roads, however, sixty miles an hour is quite safe, though very costly.

To prevent such speed the engineers of the last few years, in relaying tracks, instead of starting a true circle curve with the sudden lift of the outer rail that causes the jolt and lurch that travelers know, have laid a slight parabolic curve from a point a hundred yards back on the straight track, and have elevated the outer rail imperceptibly along that curve to the maximum. The result of the device—in practice quite new—has been the annihilation of curves as regards a passenger's senses. With eyes shut he cannot tell whether the track is straight or curved.—M. G. Conniff in The World's Work.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts is noted for the tactful local hits he introduces into his speeches. He is very observant, and takes care that his addresses shall bear somewhat that will show that he has the interest of the particular locality in which he is speaking well in hand. Speaking in Springfield, Massachusetts, during the last political campaign, he dwelt especially on the patriotism of the city.

"As I was driving down State street of your city this afternoon," he said, "I noticed a big bowlder in Benton Park. It was placed there by the Sons of the American Revolution in this city to mark the spot where Shay's Rebellion took place. Every time I have been in your city I have noticed that big bowlder." And he continued to dilate on the patriotism that actuated the marking of such a spot.

After the speaking was over one of the prominent citizens came to him and said: "You're all right, Senator! Your reference to that bowlder was pretty good, but you went a little too far. It was all right to notice it to-day, but you should have been contented with that and not spoken of seeing it on previous visits, for that bowlder was only put there day before yesterday."—New York Times.

"For a new actress she adopted an original of drawing attention to herself."

"Attempted suicide? Diamonds stolen? Breach of promise case?"

"Nothing of the kind. She simply learned how to act and acted."—Answers.

"Fanny is one of these rose petals that unexpectedly produce the strength of oak leaves, not falling before storm and sleet, but holding the harder. One sees such a woman."—Mary Adams in Confessions of a Wife.

"He's either very rich or very poor."

"How do you know?"

"He always makes people wait a long time for their money."—Chicago Post.

"What do you think of the shirt waist girls?"

"Summer daisies and summer not."

Dyspepsia in its worst forms will yield to the use of Carter's Little Liver Pills, and by Carter's Little Liver Pills. They not only relieve present distress but strengthen the stomach and digestive apparatus.

One weed destroyed before seeding it equal to 100 destroyed after the seeds are scattered over the lot.

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Keep the Signature

TO CURE A COLIC IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

Women's Dep't.

A Twilight Story for Girls.

BY MABEL NELSON THURSTON.

Outside it was raining heavily. Inside, well, inside the weather was threatening, to say the least. One of the nurses, going to the linen-room with an armful of fresh towels, shook her head sympathetically at another, who was just going into the ward. "I pity ourselves to-day," she said. "I know—it will be hard to keep the children bright," the other answered. A nurse was taking temperature and marking the charts that hung at the head of each white bed. She stopped a moment, and looked down at one especially listless face pressed against the pillow.

"Don't you want some of the scrap-books to look over, Jennie?" she asked.

Jennie's weak voice was utterly uninterested. "No," she answered. The nurse's voice kept her brightness in spite of her discouragement. "Then, don't you want me to bring you one of the puzzles?" You could play with it nicely there."

"No, I don't want any," Jennie answered, wearily.

A hand pulled at the nurse's skirt, and she turned quickly. The thin, pale, sharpened face of the girl in the next bed smiled at her cheerfully.

"Don't bother about Jennie. I guess I can make her do something," she said, in a low voice.

The nurse bent over her with a swift, caressing touch. "Thank you, little assistant," she said, tenderly.

She went on about her work, but it did not seem so hard or so hopeless any more.

Maggie lay thinking for a few minutes. In the room outside, where the patients' clothes were kept in a case full of big pigeon-holes, was one bundle smaller than the others; this was Maggie's. In one of the beds were some queer, crust-looking weights that meant suffering far greater than most of the little lividities there could imagine, and they were Maggie's, too. Perhaps, in all the long roomful, she had the fewest things to make her glad; but what of that? God teaches us how to make our happiness, if we will; God and Maggie together made hers.

She opened her eyes when the sharp pain had passed, and called across to the next bed, "Jennie!"

"What is it?" Jennie asked, listlessly.

"Jennie, let's see things," she haven't for ever so long. You wanted to the other day, you know."

"Well," Jennie answered, doubtfully; "you'll have to begin, though."

"Oh, yes, I'll begin. Well, then, I see some great red roses, just as soft and dark as velvet; and they feel as cool when you touch them, and they smell—why, don't they smell sweet?"

"I know something prettier than that," Jennie answered. "It's violets—a lady gave me some once. They ain't anything like velvet, nor nothing else. I most cried when they withered. That's prettier than yours, Maggie Dull!"

"But I see something else," Maggie went on. "It's a great green place, and the grass is all nice and thick under your feet, and it's full of the beautifullest 'daisies—yellow, and white, and all colors, and there ain't no sign up to keep off the grass—you kin just lay and roll in it all day long. And there's birds in the trees, and you never heard nothing' sing like them; and you kin see the sky, just miles of it, and you kin 'most taste the air, it's so sweet."

Round the ward word sped quickly, "Maggie's seen things!" Children who could walk went over to her corner, wheel-chairs rolled there; from some of the cots eager patients sent messages to her, and waited for hers back again. The dull day was forgotten, and the long room was crowded with visions. Flowers bloomed there, and birds sang, and happy girls went to parties or cherished wonderful dolls.

The gladness of the world was there, as God meant it to be; and all because one girl knew how to keep fresh in her life every bit of beauty she had seen.

The doctor smiled as he went his rounds. "She's as good medicine as the quinine," he said.

"Poor little thing!" the nurse answered, with a loving glance toward the corner.

"The doctor corrected her. "It's the heart that makes one rich or poor—rich little thing!" he said.

Importance of one Vote.

Texas was annexed to the United States and the war with Mexico brought on by the one vote of a sick man in Switzerland County, Indiana, in 1845. He voted for David Kelso, a candidate for the State Senate, who was elected by one vote. Kelso voted for Hamilton for the United States Senate, who was also elected by one vote. The bill annexing Texas was passed in the Senate by one vote, and Hamilton cast the deciding vote. Had the sick man in Switzerland County, Indiana, not been hauled to the polls to cast his vote, Texas would probably be an independent nation to-day.—American History.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winstow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It is a safe, reliable, and effective remedy for all the troubles of teething, such as fever, inflammation, and pain. It is a household necessity for all families with children.

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Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

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The Lost Fraction of Time.

If one grain of sand on the shore of the ocean were lost, and scientists were to spend years in trying to find it, they would be attempting a task resembling that to which the leading astronomers of England and France are now devoting themselves. One-sixteenth of a second is missing, and no one can tell where it has gone. Between the sun's time as recorded at Greenwich and as understood at Paris, there is that brief and seemingly unimportant discrepancy. No expense is being spared to trace the missing fraction. A special building has been erected at Paris, costly instruments installed, a corps of mathematicians engaged, and a process that may take years to complete has been commenced. The inaccuracy is more important than will appear to the lay mind. Longitude is calculated on the basis of Greenwich time. It determines the boundaries of many countries. A slight variation of time may change the nationalities of thousands of people. The pursuit of the missing fraction of a second is, therefore, of world-wide importance. When it is found not a grain of the sands of time will be missing.—Tid-Bits.

Stops the Cough and works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

The Limit.

"Don't you think," said the youthful young thing, "that a ruined old church with the ivy clinging to its crumbling walls comes nearer than anything else to realizing one's ideal of patient resignation?"

"That's what it does," replied the young man with the caniers. "I don't know anything that will stand for being photographed half as often."—Exchange.

A Maddening Legacy.

A young man at St. Mend's was driven mad by a legacy of £4,000. From the moment the money came into his possession he was oppressed by the fear of losing it and always carried it about with him. He finally made a bonfire of it in the form of notes and then attempted to blow out his brains.—London Chronicle.

"William," said the teacher, "I'm afraid you played truant yesterday."

"No'm, I wasn't playing truant. I stayed away in earnest."—Washington Star.

"What's your automobile's record?"

"Ten a minute."

"Miles?"

"No. Victims."

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For hard colds, chronic coughs. Ask your doctor if he has better advice.

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If you have any idea of changing your location GO INTO THE NORTHWEST where life is worth living.

It is the coming empire of this country. Climate and elevation are found in great variety, and land will never be as low priced again as it is now. For farming, fruit raising and grazing no portion of our Country equals it. Irrigation makes the former independent where irrigation is practised and the finest irrigable parts of our Country are in Montana and Washington. The towns and cities are all growing rapidly in the Northwest.

Let me know what you want and

